

g | UNCERTAIN STUD POKER.

**A GAME PLAYED BY CONTRACTORS
OUT IN OREGON.**

There Was a Heart Disease Inciting Finish to It, and It Taught the Dealer to Stick to Ordinary Draw-Profit in The Dalles's Misfortune to Rival Contractors.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—"Somehow or another, I don't like the game of stud," said a Government contractor from Portland, Ore. "It's too much of a strain to play stud. There are too many heart-breaking and headache-producing possibilities attached to the mystery of the cards. I'd rather take the chance of guessing what all of his five cards are than to engage in the perplexing business of trying to figure out the horrible possible value of the one blind card, especially if the four cards he has exposed are capable of being amplified into a hand of the former kind by the addition of that bit of the wheelcard in the pit. I can't get away from the thought that I'm going to get paid for putting my money in one sock to play stud. Now, there's a good deal to the game of draw besides mere bluffing. In fact, bluffing is almost an obsolete feature of the game among the experts at draw poker. The man that plays his hand in draw will beat the bluffer every time in year-in-and-year-out play. I've had pretty badly beaten in the year-in-and-year-out, but now they've got back to their first love and stick pretty generally to the game of California draw—which, by the way, is a whole lot different game from the draw you people back here play. For example, a man sprang a thing on me last night that he called a pat straight. I had three aces, but he said his pat straight topped mine and I lost my game with him. I had to lose my game and my money."

"But to get back to the period when the stud rodeed got started out in Oregon, I was a witness of a heart-deadening case of that kind a few years back that caused me to decide that ordinary draw was good enough for my money right along. It was right after the big fire that ate up the best part of The Dalles eight years ago. As soon as the building contractors of Portland got word to the effect that the Dalles had been licked up by the flames, they hopped aboard and immediately made for The Dalles with an eye to business. They knew that The Dalles, which was chiefly

a wooden layout before the fire, would be immediately rebuilt in brick and stone, and that the contractors who got on the scene of ruin first, and scooped in the bulk of the business. Two of these contractors, he said, I'll have to side-step on their names, for their names are the most prominent citizens out on the banks of the 'Willamette, and both of 'em walk up the middle aisle on Sundays as if they never heard of such a thing as stud poker. Both of them are Irishmen, which is why neither of 'em could stand that he was liked on this occasion.

"One of them was Tim Feeney, Carmody, and the other was Tim Feeney, Carmody, got into The Dalles a few hours ahead of Feeney, and he made those few hours count. He went around to the business men of The Dalles who had been wiped out by the fire, and asked them what they wanted with him. They told him they wanted the business of the town for Carmody to come to them, but Carmody about convinced them that they had done just this thing, and he had to be paid for it. He took them with pencil and pad. He corralled them in the one remaining hall of the town and told them to get out and find him a place where they wanted him. Carmody's cyclonic nerve appealed to their fancy, and they found themselves in a hurry to get out of the hall. He was putting down on his pad. Three hours after he had left the Dalles from Portland he had in his inside coat a list of the names of contractors to build a new stone business block, the

"He had an idea that his friend and business rival, Tim Feeney, would be down on the next morning at the hotel where he had the station to receive him. Sure enough, Feeney stepped off the next incoming train. Carthy, who had been waiting for the arrival of his waistcoat and a big cigar stuck aggressively in his teeth when Feeney ran into him. Feeney fell.

"When did you get in, Dan?" he asked Carthy.

"Three hours ago," replied Dan, with a grin.

"Feeney made a funny motion, as if to jump aboard a train that was just pulling out for Portland, but he came back to his cheerful rival and said:

"Anything doing, Dan?"

Carmody executed two very shifty "big steps in time" with his handkerchiefs, and then reassured his dignity.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is, Tim," he said. "These are rough contracts. You've got to make up your mind now, maybe they'll be wanting to rebuild a few chicken coops and outhouses—I don't know about what they want. Now there's a chance for you, Tim."

"Feeeny didn't look very merry over this, saying that he was going to get out of town, going to throw up the new business building and the opera house, and the hotel and the like."

"Carmody was laying for that question. He drew the two rough contracts out of his pocket."

"Looks as if I'm it over here, don't it, Tim?"

"Yes, Carmody, but I can't read over the two contracts with a gloomy face."

"Nice work, hey? That's what you set for money, isn't it? Well, I guess you're getting a big film. Why don't you be like me, now. I never go to bed, &c. Carmody couldn't refrain from laughing at Feeeny's gloominess, strutting the dismal-faced Feeeny for keeps. Feeeny finally waked away, the picture of dejection, and if he had been a man, he would have picked up in the way of rebuilding. He found, however, that all of the business men that had not been able to get their hands on the money were supposed to wait while for the disposition of financing."

"Building. He walked around a smell of the rebuilding of the city, and he was waiting for the Dalies for the remainder of the day, figuring out how much more money he was going to make out of his two big contracts."

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He appeared to think a heap of judging from the way he was looking up at mine," said Feneeny, with the transparent air of a man making a win-out bluff. "may not look very pretty alongside of yours, but I can't say as much about Carmody, but they suit me, at that. You can have a peep at the blind one for \$100."

"I'm not interested in buying so little money for the privilege of gazing at such a sight," said, as you think you've got Tim,' said Carmody.

"Now, having already got you beat on the point of being able to see through the blind one, another \$100 for a glimpse of the other—one spot that I've got in the pit."

"You're kidding me," said Tom, then glanced at the two men raising each other back at \$100 a clip until there was \$3,260 in the pot.

"Well, if you want to suffer all the while the time, but nevertheless Carmody became respect that, after all, Tim might have some- body called Feneeny."

"That's what I've got beat him! So when Carmody knew that his friend with the contracts in his pocket didn't have any four aces, and he started to get in, he said:

what he had in the hole. It was the third king, completing a nice full hand, that Feevery told him he had no money was his. Carmody turned up a deuce, that he could make the bluff was another ace, and looked properly crestfallen.

"You know," that knows so little about business as you, Tim," said Carmody, "you've got a mighty crafty way about you of making measles turn out to be bluffs. We'll try it again, and prove you on."

"You look and talk like you're bluffing," you've got the hand."

"You had been ringing up the steward's boy a good deal during the progress of the game, and they were not, therefore, sur-

SIX BEARS AND ALL TIPSY.

A MERRYMAKING AROUND A CIDER PRESS IN THE WOODS.

Possibilities in the Way of a Good Time to be Found in a File of Pressed Apples.—A Night Witnessed by Factors, Monroe—A Temperance Lesson in a Bear's Fate.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Dec. 10.—(Both Chambers.) The theory that Pine Creek bears are growing in malice finds a believer in Frederick County, a farmer living in the Puerbach Mountain district, near the headwaters of Larry's Creek. This is a famous region for black bears, as nuts and acorns abound

there. Monroe is a firm believer in the intelligence of black bears. He says that, save the house cat, no animal is so sagacious. He also believes that they are the best good time hunters.

"I see that Bob Chamberlain, a local hunter, runs the Pine Creek bears are a little smarter than the common run of bears," he said, "but I saw something a year ago on the fall that goes to show that the Larry's Creek and Paterbaugh Mountain bears are a step ahead of the rest. They have now decided to press away from the house and three-quarters of a mile along the main road to the house. The press runs a little stream of water that comes tumbling down through a rocky ravine. This ravine, I learned years ago, is a famous runway for bears. There's not a fresh snow in winter but what I see tracks either coming up

"A year ago last fall I made cider for Bud Schultz. Abe Myers and myself, and as is my custom, I shovelled the 'pummies' out onto a pile back of the press. Myers' apples were nearly all sweet, and, as you know, these are the best apples for cider than a crisp, tart apple. Well, when I got to the bottom of the cider making there was quite a pile of 'pummies'—seems to me there'd been two wagon loads of them. The day after we quit pressing it rained nearly all day, and those 'pummies' were left in their own juice. "The next two days were warm. In the middle of the day the sun was hot, and it beat down on that pile of wet 'pummies' until the whole pile just bubbled with fermentation. Now, fermented 'pummies,' if you eat enough of them, will make you sick. I don't think I had the strongest kind of appetite. I had to eat my 'pummies' were in great shape. I had to be tending hauling them into the meadow, but I didn't want to handle them when they were so sour, so I let them lie there.

John, who goes to see one of Mose Henry's daughters across the hill, was coming home at midnight. As he was crossing the field above the house he heard a noise from down toward the elder press. At first he thought the hogs had got out and were rooting in the acorn woods; but when he had stepped into the yard he saw that it was not so, the noise was not made by pigs, but by leaves. Now, the night was almost as bright as day from the full moon but John wasn't quite sure enough to venture down into the ravine alone, so he came into the house and told his what was up.

"Hold on," says I, "wait until I get dressed and get my gun. I'll go with you." Before I could get ready, however, the door opened and a man, one of the best rifle shots you ever saw, heard the racket, and she was bound to go along too. So the three of us—each with a gun—went down toward the elder press where the bears were at work. I just reckoned that they would be there, because I had seen tracks and tried to find what we saw when we came around the bend of the road on a little incline just directly on the little corner where the trees grow thick.

light almost as if it had been midday. Well, sir, when we reached a point where we could see the road, the three half-grown bears, dancing on a funny sight, light in the middle of the road, were three full-grown bears, dancing on the road. The three half-grown bears had set eyes on at a husking bee or an apple-bunching.

Over to one side of the road next the elder press were two half-grown cubs, and the way the two half-grown cubs were rubbing and rubbing noses was a caution. The two half-grown devils were as tipsy as an old fiddler at an apple-bunching. The two half-grown cubs were dancing in the road, as they were as jolly as possible. Indeed, we hadn't watched the queer sight for long before the two half-grown cubs had slipped into the road from the direction of the rumble pile. He was as drunk as a lord. His jar was as full as a cornucopia. The two half-grown cubs made the three dancers in the roadway stop to look at him. He managed to get along a few steps before he fell. The two half-grown cubs pressed ahead, but as soon as he reached the

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from shooting them, but at last I compromised with him by agreeing to let him tie the house-ropes to the rafters and shoot at will. It took John about a minute to run to the shed and grab a long lay chain, with which to make Mr. Bear's life miserable. He then ran to the top of the hill frightened the bears, drank up the water in the trough and then he gave the drunken bear a few jabs in the ribs, to which he answered with so many growls and roars that I was obliged to throw silly nuts, went shambling and squealing into the woods.

When John and I began to fasten the chain around the old bear's neck he sort of found out that he was being punished and he was just too drunk to care very much, so in a few minutes we had him prisoner and tied to the main rope. I then ran to the shed and John and I built a fire so as to watch him better. He roared and growled but he didn't propose to see a bear tricked into captivity in that way, so he went back to the trough and drank.

Well, toward daylight old Mr. Bear woke himself. When he heard the chains rattling he knew he was being punished and he ran on his hunkers, poked his nose into his trough and drank. He then came to the top of his Winkle long in the play, as if he was wondering how long he had slept. Then he saw me and he growled and roared and he couldn't get any more nuts.

Then I didn't let him get mad, I was just going to let him go, but he was so full of bile in his stomach, that he did bear a grudge against me. He was so full of bile, he saw that he was a true bear and there he

ing fun at him. We left him rave for ten minutes, and the Johnnies left him back of the left foreleg with a rifle ball. That fixed him. He dropped in his tracks."

THE LADDER ON THE CHIMNEY

And the Various Purposes That It Is Designed to Serve.

Slender iron ladders are often seen attached to great smokestacks, and especially to the lofty brick-lined stacks of iron. Sometimes the rungs are made of iron, and are standing close together a light spiral staircase is run up between them to the top, serving the purpose of a ladder and being more convenient.

It doesn't cost very much to build a ladder as the chimney goes up, and there is then no place a permanent and convenient means of going up and down part of the chimney, instead of out for any purpose. Brick chimneys are sometimes lined with fire brick, and they are a

The more common uses of the ladder, however, is to which it is usually devoted on iron chimneys, upon which it is most commonly found to make more convenient the periodical inspection of the chimney, and to place the iron bands which are used to tighten the top of the chimney for any repairs that may be necessary.

I'd rather take the chance of guessing what all of his five cards are than to engage in the perspiring business of trying to figure out the horrible possible value of the one blind card.

especially if the four cards he has exposed are capable of being amplified into a hand of the size he is being paid. The addition of that bit of ruseboard to the bluffing is a little more than the impression that it's just like putting all of your money in one sock to play stud. Now, there's a good deal to the game of draw besides mere bluffing. In fact, bluffing is almost an obsolete feature of the game among the experts at draw poker. The man that plays his hand in draw will beat the bluffer every time in year-in-and-year-out play. The man that plays his hand in stud poker will beat the man that plays his hand in draw pretty badly about eight or nine times as often, but now they've got back to their first love and stick pretty generally to the game of California draw—which, by the way, is a whole lot different game from the draw you people back here play. For example, a man sprung a thing on me last night that he called a nut straight. He had three aces, but he said his pair straight topped them, and he beat his game with him. I had to lose money.

money. If a man out on the Slope were to talk pat straight to a party of aborigines, they'd conduct him to the Alcaide's calaboose and have him locked up to await a commission's decision as to his responsibility.

It was the same with the stud poker. The stud poker had got hold of us out in Oregon. I was a witness of a heart-disease finish of a game of that kind a few years back that caused me to decide that ordinary draw was good enough for my money right along. It was right after that that the stud poker got part of The Dalles eight years ago. It was soon after building contractors of Portland got word to the effect that The Dalles was being licked up by the flames, they hopped aboard trains and made for The Dalles with an eye to business. They found a city of mud, which was chiefly made of mud, and they got to work immediately rebuilt in brick and stone, and that the contractors who got on the scene of ruin first would scoop in the bulk of the business. Two of these contractors were—well, I'll have the names at some of their names, for they're two of the most prominent contractors in the city of the Willamette, and both of 'em walk up the middle aisle on Sundays as if they never heard of such a thing as stud poker. Both of them

are Irishmen, which is why neither of 'em could see that he was licked on this occasion. When they were in the car, Dan Carmody, and the other was Tim Feecey, who had just got into The Dalles a few hours ahead of Feecey, and he made those few hours count. He went around to the business men of The Dalles who had been wiped out by the fire, and asked them what they wanted with him. They told him they wanted a selection of goods for Christmas, and he came to them, but Carmody abouted them. He told them they had done just this thing before, and he began making a list with pencil and pad. He corralled them in the store, and he began making a list of what they wanted of him, and just let him know what they wanted of him. Carmody's cyclone nerve appeared, and he said, "You want to buy things juggling with the figures Carmody was putting down on his pad. Three hours after the fire, I was here, and I was telling you what I had in his inside coat pocket rough drafts of the building of a new stone block building, including a theatre, and a new ornate hotel, the cost of both buildings to be about \$1,000,000. Now, Carmody was a hustler all right."

He had an idea that his friend and business partner, Tim Feecey, would be on the next train from Portland, and he went to the station to receive him. Sure enough, Feecey came, and he told him that Carmody had had his thumbs in the armoiries of his office a big night, and he was a great deal in his teeth when Feecey was there. Feecey's jaw fell.

"When did you get in, Dan?" he asked Carmody.

Three hours ago, replied Dan, with a grin.

Feeney made a funny motion, as if to jump aboard a train that was just pulling out for Portland, and then he turned to Dan with a cheerful air and asked him:

"Anything doing, Dan?"

"Can't execute two very shifty jig steps in the line of his happiness, and then reassured him.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is, Tim," he said. "These people here are pretty badly chewed up. I don't know how to get them to building a new chicken coops and outbuildings. I don't know but what they will. Now there's a chance for you."

Feeney didn't look very merry over this. Says he: "Chicken coops, is it? And who's going to throw up the money for them?"

"The opera house, and the hotel and the like," said Dan.

Carmody was laying for that question. He drew the two rough contracts out of his pocket.

"Look as if I'm it over here, don't it, Tim?" he asked Feeney, as the latter read over the two contracts with a frowning countenance.

"Nice work, hey? That's what you're for, monkeying around in bed all the morning. Didn't you know you were going to be here?"

"Never go to bed, eh. Carmody couldn't refrain from working that nice edge of his, and he said to Feeney:

"Feeney finally walked away, the picture of dejection. To see if there were any crumps to be picked up in the morning. He had to, however, that all of the business men that had posed to wait awhile for the Carmody disappearance and he didn't get a smell of the reason for it. He had to wait for the smoking Dales for the remainder of the day.

Feeney was so much worried about the smoking on how much Carmody was going to make out of it, that he didn't have time to get himself started in to open wine by way of celebration, so that by the time the hot boat for Portland came, he was in a bad way.

pretty comfortable. Both he and Feeney took the night boat and I happened to be going down to Portland on the boat myself that night. Feeney had taken to the bowl himself a bit during the day to assuage his depression over his lack of success.

His luck was good, and he was pretty mellow when he "beat the pot" and won \$100. Then, when about a dozen quarts under his belt, drug Feeney up as soon as he got aboard, and the two men began to play cards. Feeney took the lead, Carmo kept the main deck arm in his hand, and Feeney kept the other arm in the hand of his friend. Then Carmo heard the clatter of the chips in a \$10 limit game of stud. This was the first time he had seen the card room, and suggested a two-handed game of cards. Feeney, with some accommodating, non-player to deal the cards, Feeney was agreeable. Carmo took the lead, and Feeney picked up with the game in the card room, asking me if I wouldn't "dash 'em out for an hour or so" and he'd be \$100, \$100, and \$100. Feeney. It was

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what he had in the hole. It was the third king, completing a nice full hand, that Feevery told him he had no money was his. Carmody turned up a deuce, that he could make the bluff was another ace, and looked properly crestfallen.

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Plain's theory that Pine Creek bears are growing in malice finds a believer in Frederick County. A farmer living in the Puerbach Mountain district, near the headwaters of Larry's Creek. This is a famous region for black bears, as nuts and acorns abound

there. Monroe is a firm believer in the intelligence of black bears. He says that, save the housecat, no animal is so sagacious. He believes that they are the best good thing.

"I see that Bob Chamberlain, a runner, thinks the Pine Creek bears are a little smarter than the common run of bears," he said, "but I saw something a year ago on the fall that goes to show that the Larry's Creek and Paterbaugh Mountain bears are a step ahead of the others. They have no idea of dress away from the house and three-quarters of a mile along the main road. The black bear runs a little stream of water that comes tumbling down through a rocky ravine. This ravine, I learned years ago, is a famous runway for bears. There's not a fresh snow in winter but what I see tracks either coming up

"A year ago last fall I made cider for Bud Schultz. Abe Myers and myself, and as is my custom, I shovelled the 'pummies' out onto a pile back of the press. Myers' apples were nearly all sweet, and, as you know, these are the best apples for cider than a crisp, tart apple. Well, when I got to the bottom of the cider making there was quite a pile of 'pummies'—seems to me there'd been two wagon loads of them. The day after we quit pressing it rained nearly all day, and those 'pummies' were left in their own size."

"The next two days were warm, and in the middle of the day the sun was hot, and it beat down on that pile of wet 'pummies' until the whole pile just bubbled with fermentation. Now, fermented 'pummies,' if you eat enough of them, will make you sick. I don't know if it is the strongest kind of apple or not, but I think my 'pummies' were in great shape. I had put them hauling them into the meadow, but I didn't want to handle them when they were so sour, so I let them lie there."

"The day before yesterday was overcast, the 'pummies' played a part in one of the funniest things I ever saw. It was this way. Mr. B.

John, who goes to see one of Mose Henry's daughters across the hill, was coming home at midnight. As he was crossing the field above the house he heard a noise coming toward the elder piers. At first he thought the hogs had got out and were rooting in the acorn woods, but when he had stepped into the yard he saw that the noise was not made by pigs, but by leaves. Now, the night was almost as bright as day from the full moon but John wasn't quite sure enough to venture down into the ravine alone, so he came into the house and told his what was up.

"Hold on," says I, "wait until I get dressed and get my gun. I'll go with you." Before I got dressed I heard a noise coming toward the ace, and one of the best rifle shots you ever saw, heard the racket, and she was bound to go along, too. So the three of us—each with a gun—went down toward the ravine. When the bears were at work I just reckoned that they were going to get into the acorn woods, so I tried to find what we saw when we came around the bend of the road on a little incline just directly on the little corner where the trees grow.

light almost as if it had been midday. Well, sir, when we reached a point where we could see the road, the three half-grown bears, dancing on a funny sight, light in the middle of the road, were three full-grown bears, dancing on the road. The three old men, who had their eyes on at a husking bee or an apple-bunching, were three young fellows, dancing.

Over to one side of the road next the elder press were two half-grown cubs, and the way the two young fellows were jabbering and rubbing noses was a caution. The two young devils were as tipsy as an old fiddler at an apple-bunching, and they were dancing and dancing in the road as was jolly as possible. Indeed, we hadn't watched the queer sight long before the three young fellows had slipped into the road from the direction of the rumble pile. He was as drunk as a lord. His jar was so full for the first time in his life that he made the three dancers in the roadway stop to look at him. He managed to get along a few steps before he fell over on his back. The elder press shied, but as soon as he reached the

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Well, toward daylight old Mr. Bear woke himself. When he heard the chains rattling he knew he was being punished and he ran on his hunkers, poked his nose into his eyes and rubbed his eyes with his paws. Old Winkle longed in the play, as if he was wondering how long he had slept. Then he saw the old bear and he knew he was being punished. He couldn't.

Then didn't he get mad, say, "You're a damned old fellow, but I'll be damned if I won't get you in a fix, so that you'll be sorry that you were ever born." Then he saw that he was in a fix and there he was.

ing fun at him. We left him rave for ten minutes, and the Johnnies left him back of the left foreleg with a rifle ball. That fixed him. He dropped in his tracks."

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